

FURNITURE.

FURNITURE.

FURNITURE.

Solid
Oak Suits
from
\$12.00
up.

Parlor
Suits
from
\$15.00
up.



"I have named her Marion—after Marion County, Fla."

Bonding the Town

Causes alarm in some quarters, but don't be scared for Grover C. is bound to take care of the infant industries. We are bound to lookout for our customers by reducing prices. If you want anything in the line of Furniture, we are now wearing our summer and hardtime prices and quote you a discount of 25 per cent. on all Cash purchases in the Next Thirty days.

This week
we are selling
our Hammocks
at Cost.

One lot of
Furniture
slightly
damaged
at 50 cents
on the Dollar.

FURNITURE.

F. E. BUGBEE & CO. Ocala, Fla.

FURNITURE.

DRINK'S DREADFUL DOINGS.

A Terrible but Truthful Description of the Destruction Wrought by Rum in the United States.

(Continued from last Issue.)

Thus far we have listened to the story that figures tell, but they cannot tell all. They give only the outline of the terrible work that is going on around us.

They cannot picture to us the wretched squalor of the drunkard's home.

They cannot tell us how many cruel words liquor has caused otherwise good and tender-hearted husbands and fathers to utter to their loved ones.

They cannot tell how many heavy blows have fallen from the husband's hand upon those whom it is his duty to cherish and protect.

They cannot tell how many fond expectations and bright hopes which the fair young bride had of the future have been blasted and turned to the bitterest gall.

They cannot number the long, weary hours of night during which she anxiously awaited, yet dreaded to hear, the heavy footfalls at the door.

Figures cannot tell how many scalding tears the wives shed, or how many prayers of bitter anguish and cries of agony God heard them utter.

They cannot tell how many mothers have worn out soul and body in providing the necessities of life for children whom drunken fathers have left destitute.

They cannot tell how many mother's hearts have broken with grief to see darling sons become drunkards.

They cannot tell how many white hairs have gone down in sorrow to

the grave, mourning over drunken children.

They cannot tell us how many fierce battles the drunkard, in his sober hours, has fought with the terrible appetite—how many times he has walked his room in despair, tempted to commit suicide because he could not conquer the demon.

We cannot search the records of the other world and tell how many souls have been shut out of the holy place where no drunkard enters and banished to the region of eternal despair by the demon of drink.

What man, what woman, what child would not vote to have that whole street, with its awful traffic in the infernal stuff, sunk to the lowest depths of perdition and covered 10 000 fathoms deep under the curses of the universe?

The man does not live who can tell the whole story of the woes of the liquor traffic. Exaggeration is impossible, for the tired fancy falters in its loftiest flight long ere it reaches its reality. The mind's eye cannot take in the uncouth miseries that follow in its train.

Were I an artist, I would borrow a pencil from Raphael and dip it in the fountain of human sorrows and paint a picture of the evils of intemperance.

I would put into that picture every conceivable thing that was terrible and revolting.

I would paint health in ruins, hope destroyed, affection crushed and prayer silenced.

I would paint the chosen seats of paternal care, of filial piety, of brotherly love and maternal devotion, all vacant and broken.

I would paint the crimes against every statute, from foul murder,

standing aghast over the open grave of the victim it cannot conceal, to the meanest deception, still confident of success.

I would paint a dark, dreary, cheerless valley, name it "The Valley of the Shadow of Death," and people it with ever-living slaves.

I would paint a landscape of trees whose fruit should be poison and whose shadow should be pain.

I would paint a mountain whose lofty summit should be covered with storms of perpetual desolation, in whose frigid atmosphere no mortal could dwell; where bleak, bitter, black clouds of vengeance should hold high carnival, and fierce lightnings flash through with lurid, startling light.

I would paint a fathomless chasm where awful darkness holds eternal sway.

I would paint a deep, dark river, rushing, foaming angrily on over craggy rocks, hurrying everything on its heaving bosom toward an awful Niagara of death. Its waters should be the tears of weeping eyes and the blood from bleeding hearts. In its turbid current no living thing should dwell and on its stormy current only human wrecks should be seen.

I would paint a deep and gloomy cavern, where no sunlight ever strays, where foul odors fill the air and dying moans of murdered men resound through the sepulchral vaults. I would fresco it with slimy serpents and creeping centipedes and on the walls the faces of grinning, ghoul-like devils would gleam out with maddening fury and fiendish hate.

I would put into the background of my picture vanishing visions of a more blessed past, and into the

foreground the awful certainty of an accursed future.

I would paint prison doors that opened inward only. I would people the scene with men whose forms were tenanted by tormenting demons; with wretched, starving children on whose lips smiles should never play; with women in whose cheeks furrows had been burned by scalding tears, pressing to their milkless breasts their skeleton, starving babes.

In my picture not one happy home nor face would be seen, but bloated and beastly men, pale and sad-faced women and half-clad, starving children should gleam on its canvass.

The temple of worship should be disused or converted into a brothel of infamy, where senseless ribaldry and bacchanalian shouts resounded.

I would varnish my picture with the poison of dragons and the cruel venom of asps, and when it was complete I would frame it with the skins of scorpions and slimy monsters and hang it up in lurid light on a cord woven from the fangs of the deadly rattler, and say to the Christian people: "There is the picture of intemperance which by your votes you are authorizing the licensed rumseller to hang on the walls of the nation."

Then I would write under that picture in letters as black as midnight darkness: "Damned by the legalized liquor traffic for all eternity," and as you walked to your churches and Sunday schools and prayer meetings I would have the same words ring in your ears, echo in the chambers of your hearts and well up in your souls until you prostrated yourselves at the feet of Jesus and cried out in agony:

"How long, O Lord! shall this legalized crime last, this dark pall cover Christian homes and stifle Christian consciences?" and then, springing to your feet, rushed to the ballot box and voted a pure, clean ticket for God and home and native land. Then I would put new joy in your hearts and a new song in your mouths, and have you shout, "Saved at last, by an honest ballot, from everlasting to everlasting! Amen."

Montezuma Hotel,

MRS. K. K. C. BATTY, PROPRIETRESS.

OCALA, - - FLA.

**Rates \$2 to \$2.50
Per Day.**

Open the Year Round. SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK. FREE SAMPLE ROOM.

French Cafe.

OCKLAWAHA AVENUE AND MAIN STREET.. Opposite Ocala House, Ocala, - - FLORIDA.

Meals Served from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m. Charges Moderate but Strictly Cash. Special Orders Extra.

Cheap rates to Tampa via the Plant system on Aug. 19. \$2 for the round trip with limit to Aug. 22. This will enable all to go and give ample time to transact any business. For rates and details apply to C. F. Eaires, city ticket agent, or F. J. Huber, depot ticket agent, Florida Southern depot.